WAR AND FIGHTING MEN
FRONTLINE COMBAT
AN INTERNATIONAL EC COMIC
No. 9
NOV.-DEC.
10¢
LISTEN! IS IT RAINING?
NOPE! THEM'S MINIE BALLS WHIZZIN' THROUGH THE TREES!
WHUF!
CATCH ME, MATE, I'M HIT!
SPECIAL ISSUE: CIVIL WAR!

THE CIVIL WAR! THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES! *WHERE* SHALL WE BEGIN? *HOW* SHALL WE BEGIN? WITH A *DATE*?... WITH A *PLACE*?... WITH A *MAN*! YES, LET US TELL YOU OF A MAN! HE WAS A *HATED* MAN... HE WAS A *LOVED* MAN... HE WAS A *GREAT* MAN! HE WAS ...

ABE LINCOLN!

(SIGH) YEAH, YEAH! MR. ABE LINCOLN! ... A GREAT MAN WITH PLENTY MISERY!

I BEEN LISTENIN' AN' I BEEN WATCHIN'! THE WORLD IS IN A *POWERFUL MESS O' TROUBLE!* AN' MR. LINCOLN'S GOT PLENTY MISERY!

IT AIN' RIGHT FER MISERY TO COME TO MR. LINCOLN... AN' I'LL TELL YOU WHY! I CAN TELL YOU STORIES 'BOUT MR. LINCOLN! STORIES TRAVELS FAST TO CHARLESTON!

I BEEN LISTENIN', BOY, AN' I KIN *TELL YOU!* I KIN TELL YOU THINGS 'BOUT MR. LINCOLN... I KIN TELL YOU THINGS ABOUT MR. LINCOLN'S PAW... *AND GRANDPAW!*

WHY, MR. LINCOLN'S STOCK RUNS BACK... A-***WAY WAY*** BACK, 'FORE GEN'RIL GEORGE WASHINGTON'S TIME! I'M TELLIN' YOU... HIS STOCK RUNS A-***WAY*** BACK!

NOW HERE'S THE WAY I HEER'D IT! MR. LINCOLN'S GRAN'PAW, AFTER A SPELL IN WASHINGTON'S ARMY...

... HE STAKED HIMSE'F OUT 2,000 ACRES IN KENTUCKY AND STARTED FARMIN' THE LAND WITH HIS THREE SONS!

...AN' ONE DAY, WHILE WORKIN' IN THE FIELDS, A MUSKET BALL ZIPPED OUT'N THE WOODS AND KILLED GRAN'-PAW LINCOLN! IT WUZ ***INJUNS!***

AN INJUN FULL O' WAR PAINT CAME LOPIN' OUT'N THE WOODS WITH HIS MUSKET AN' HIS TOMAHAWK AN' WEARIN' A BRIGHT SHINY BANGLE OVER HIS HEART!

BO

ONE BOY STAYED BY HIS PO' DEAD PAW, ONE BOY RAN OFF FOR HELP, AN' ONE BOY RAN FER THE RIFLE... AIMED FER THE BANGLE, AN' ***FIRED!***

...AN' THE BOY THAT STOOD BY HIS PAW, HE WUZ CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE INJUN TO HEAR THE BULLET SMACK! THAT BOY WAS ***TOM LINCOLN, MR. ABE LINCOLN'S*** PAW!

YEAH, YEAH! THAT'S THE WAY THE STORY GOES! AN' IFFN THAT OL' INJUN HAD ***KILLED TOM*** LINCOLN... MIGHT NOT BE NO ***ABE*** LINCOLN!

YEAH, YEAH!

NOW LEMME TELL YOU 'BOUT MR. ABE LINCOLN WHEN HE WUZ LIVIN' IN A LOG CABIN IN INDIANA!

JEST KNEE HIGH TO A POLECAT... YOUNG ABE AIMED HIS PAW'S RIFLE THROUGH A CHINK IN THE LOG CABIN!

AIMED THE RIFLE AT A FLOCK O' WILD TURKEY... LOOKED TO HIS FLINT, HIS FEATHER IN THE TOUCH HOLE, HELD HIS BREATH FOR A MINNIT, AND ***PULLED*** THE TRIGGER...

KBLAM!

...KNOCKED ONE O' THEM BIRDS HEAD OVER TEAKETTLE CLEAN TO GLORY! KNOCKED 'IM OVER LIKE HE'D KNOCKED 'EM OVER ***NINE-HUNNERT TIMES*** AFORE!

AN' WHEN HE KNOCKED 'EM OVER BEFORE', T'WERE ALL THE SAME! FOR THE HOME SKILLET, IT WAS ALLUS ***'SHOOT TO KILL'!*** BUT ***THIS*** TIME, ***SUMTHIN' HAPPENED!***

SUMTHIN' HAPPENED INSIDE LITTLE EIGHT YEAR OLD ABE LINCOLN'S HEAD, AN' NEVER AGAIN COULD HE BRING HISSELF TO HUNT A GAME BIRD ER A RABBIT!

THAS THE WAY THE STORY CUM TO ME! NOW LEMME TELL YOU 'NUTHER STORY 'BOUT MR. LINCOLN... WHEN HE WUZ SHOOTIN' UP LIKE A CORN-STALK!

YESSIR! YOUNG ABE WUZ A-GETTIN' SO TALL, HIS MAMMY TOLD HIM TO WASH HIS HAID SO'S NOT TO ***DIRTY THE CEILING!***

ON ACCOUNT OF THE CEILING AN' RAFTERS WUZ WHITEWASHED, AN' THIS GAVE YOUNG ABE A DEVILMENT OF AN IDEA!

...***SO***, HE SET SOME BAREFOOT BOYS TO WADING IN THE MUD PUDDLE BY THE HORSE TROUGH! THEN HE PICKED 'EM UP, AN BROUGHT 'EM INTER THE HOUSE...

...LIFTED 'EM UPSIDE DOWN, ONE BY EACH, AN' ***WALKED THEIR MUDDY FEETS ACROSST THE WHITEWASHED CEILING!*** NOW ***AIN'T THAT ONE FER THE JAY-BIRDS?***

YOUNG ABE'S PAW USTER SAY YOUNG ABE LOOKED AS IF HE'D BEEN ROUGHHEWN WITH AN AXE, AN' NEEDED SMOOTHIN' WITH A JACK-PLANE! ***ANYHOW...***

...WHEN YOUNG ABE'S MAMMY COME HOME, SHE LIKE TO HAD A FIT AN' ***LAUGHED*** AN HOUR! OF COURSE... YOUNG ABE SCRUBBED THE CEILING LATER SO IT WUZ LIKE NEW AGAIN!

STORIES! I GOT THE STORIES 'BOUT MR. ABE LINCOLN, ALL RIGHT! LIKE THE TIME MR. LINCOLN WRASSLED JACK ARMSTRONG IN ILLINOIS!

SOMEONE WUZ BRAGGIN' THAT ABE LINCOLN COULD OUTLIFT AND OUT-WRASSLE ANY MAN IN SANGAMON COUNTY!

THE CLARY'S GROVE BOYS FOUR MILES AWAY SAID, 'IS THAT SO?'...PIT THEIR CHAMPION, JACK ARMSTRONG AGAINST MR. LINCOLN!

ARMSTRONG TROMPED ON MR. LINCOLN'S FOOT, 'CAUSE HE ***COULDN'T DO MUCH ELSE,*** AN' THIS GOT MR. LINCOLN ***MAD!*** NOW MR. LINCOLN AIN'T ONE FER A TEMPER...

...BUT WHEN HE GETS HIS DANDER UP, HE GETS IT ***BAD!*** SO WHEN JACK ARMSTRONG TROMPED ON MR. LINCOLN'S FOOT, MR. LINCOLN ***LIFTS JACK ARMSTRONG BY THE THROAT!***

...LIFTS 'IM RIGHT OFF'N THE GROUND, HE DOES... AN' ***HE SHAKES 'IM LIKE A HOUN'DOG SHAKES A 'POSSUM,*** AN' ***THEN*** HE ***SLAMS 'IM DOWN*** IN A ***HARD, FLAT FALL!***

. THEN, THE CLARY'S GROVE BOYS STARTS A-CLOSIN' IN, AN' MR. LINCOLN BRACES HIMSELF AGIN' THE WALL AN TELLS 'EM ***HE'S READY FER 'EM!*** AN' THEY ALL BECOMES ***FAST FRIENDS!***

(SIGH) THA'S MR. LINCOLN, ALL RIGHT! NEVER BACKED OUTTA A FIGHT! AN' NEVER IGNORED A SOUL IN DISTRESS!

LIKE THE TIME MR. LINCOLN WAS TAKIN' A TRIP 'CROSST THE PRAIRIE, DECKED OUT IN HIS NEW BLUE JEANS!

...COME TO PART OF THE ROAD WUZ A HOG MIRED DOWN IN THE MUD SO'S IT COULDN'T GET LOOSE!

REEUNK!

MR. LINCOLN, HE SAYS TO HIMSELF, HOW. SINCE HE IS ALL FIXED UP IN HIS BEST CLOTHES, HE'S A-GOIN' TO BY-PASS THAT THERE HOG! SAYIN' SO, HE DID SO!

SQUINK! OINK!

BUT THAT HOG HAUNTED MR. LINCOLN! THAT HOG SEEMED TO BE SAYIN', 'THERE, NOW, MY LAST HOPE IS GONE!' AN' MR. LINCOLN ***TURNED AROUN'*** AND ***WENT BACK!***

WENT ***RIGHT BACK TO THET THERE SHOTE, GOT RIGHT IN*** AND ***PULLED THE HOG LOOSE FROM THE MIRE!*** AN' PRETTY SOON, MR. LINCOLN WUZ MUDIER'N THE HOG!

THAT WUZ MR. LINCOLN! SAINTS, SINNERS, AN' DUMB ANIMALS WUZ ALL THE SAME, AN' THA'S WHY MR. LINCOLN WENT TO WASHINGTON TO BE ***PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.!***

REEZ

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH! THE WORLD'S IN A POWERFUL MESS O' TROUBLE, AN' MR. LINCOLN'S GOT PLENTY MISERY! THE NEWS TRAVELS FAST!

NEWS TRAVELS F'UM WASHINGTON... HOW MR. ABE LINCOLN WUZ SWORE IN AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!

...HOW MR. LINCOLN... EVEN WHEN HE WUZ MIZZUBLE IN A SHINY NEW SET OF FANCY CLOTHES... STOOD UP AN' SPOKE!

HE STOOD UP AN' MADE A SPEECH! A MIGHTY POWERFUL SPEECH, AN' WHILE HE WUZ SPEAKIN', THE WHOLE WORLD WUZ LISTENIN,' CAUSE IT WUZ AN *IMPORTANT SPEECH!*

AN' EVEN IF NO ONE CHEERED MUCH ER WAVED FLAGS... AN' EVEN WHEN ONE MAN FELL OUTTA A TREE WHERE HE WUZ WATCHIN,' IT WUZ STILL A *MIGHTY IMPORTANT SPEECH!*

K-RAK

HERE'S WHUT MR. LINCOLN SAID! HE SEZ... *'I HOLD IN CONTEM-PLA-TION... OF THE CON-STI-TU-TION... NO STATE CAN LAWFULLY GET OUT OF THE UNION!'*

THAT'S WHUT HE SAID! AN' A LOT O' MEN FUM THE SOUTH DIDN'T LIKE WHUT HE SAID! A LOT O' MEN FUM THE SOUTH WERE PLANNIN' ON *GETTIN'* OUTTA THE UNION!

AN' NOW THE NO'TH AN' THE SOUTH ARE WALKIN' UP TWO DIFFUNT PATHS! THEY'S A SWORD HANGIN' OVER THE LAND AN... WHU...

BOM!

WHUT WUZ THAT? A CANNON GOIN' OFF DOWN BY THE WATER! GOIN' OFF IN CHARLESTON HARBOR!

A MORTAR SHELL IN THE SKY UP F'UM FORT MOULTRIE! THEY FIRIN' ON THE FORT! THEY FIRIN' ON SUMTER!

MEN ON HORSES! UNIFORMS! SABRES! IT'S HAPPENIN'!

IT'S FINALLY HAPPENIN'! CIVIL WAR!

OH, LAWD! IF YOU LOOKIN' DOWN NOW, PLEASE LISTEN TO ME! PLEASE DON' LET THERE BE A WAR!

PLEASE, LAWD! DON' LET THERE BE ANY KILLIN'... AN' MOS' IMPORTANT OF ALL, DEAR LAWD...

MOS' IMPORTANT OF ALL... DON' LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO MR. LINCOLN! LAWD!... HE'S A GOOD MAN!

FORT SUMTER... SAT LIKE A ROCK IN CHARLESTON HARBOR! FORT SUMTER SAT LIKE A RED HOT POTATO IN THE CAPITAL SEAPORT OF THE SOUTH! FORT SUMTER SAT LIKE AN ORPHAN DUCK, FAR AWAY FROM HOME! FORT SUMTER SAT... A BOX, FULL OF LINCOLN'S TROOPS... LIT BY THE LIGHT OF THE...

FIRST SHOT!

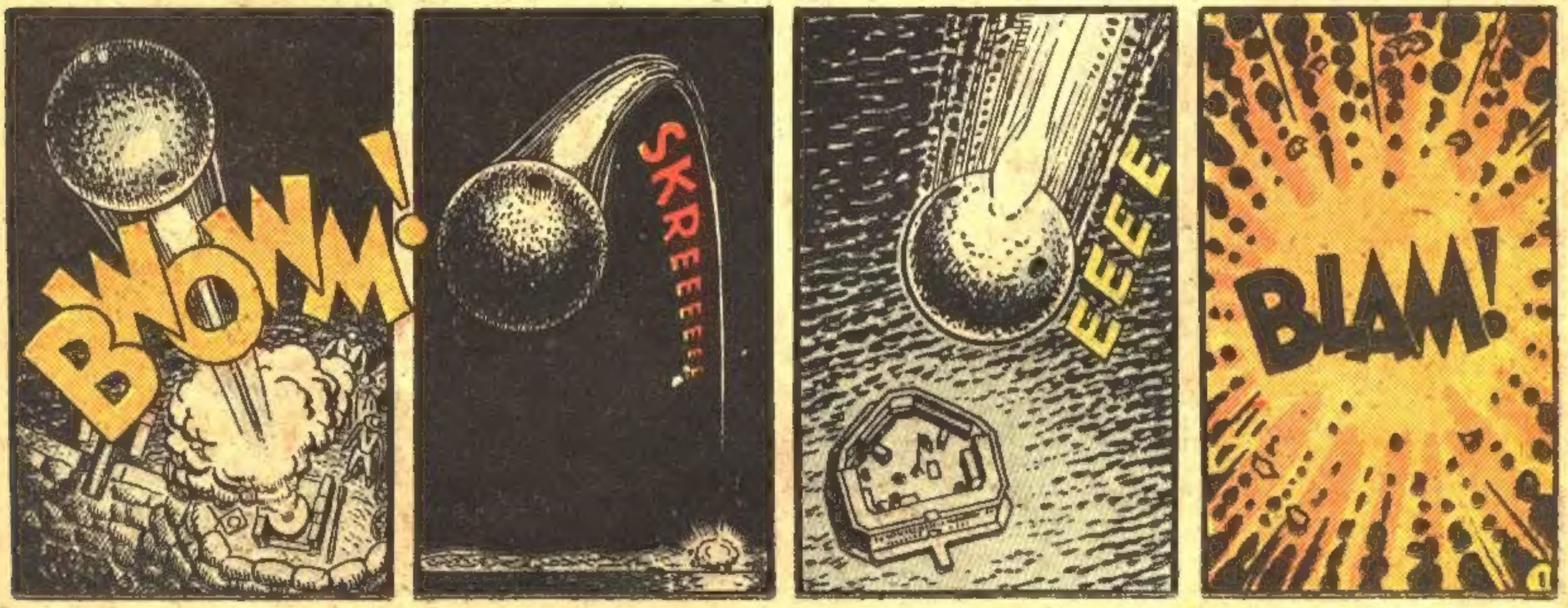
SEVERIN AND ELDER

APRIL 12, 1861! A SHELL, TRAILING A FIERY FUSE, SOARED INTO THE DARK SKY!

A MONTH BACK, THE SOUTH HAD OFFICIALLY *WITHDRAWN* FROM THE UNION!

BUT LINCOLN'S BOYS *HAD NOT* AND *WOULD NOT WITHDRAW* FROM FT. SUMTER!

AND SO, AT 4:30 IN THE MORNING, A SOUTHERN MORTAR SHELL *BURST!*



FRIDAY APRIL 12, 1861 !.

WHUZZAT?

BAM

K-POW!

POW!

WAKE UP! WAKE UP, YOU LOP-EARED MULE! THE CONFEDERATES HEV DECLARED WAR!

AWW LEMME BE! YOU BEEN TELLIN' ME THAT 'FER THE LAST FOUR MONTHS! ...I'M HUNGRY!

WHOMP!

THIS TIME I MEANS IT! LISSEN! THEY DRUMMIN' THE LONG ROLL!

I TOLDJA THE CONFEDERATES DECLARED WAR! COME AWN!

PDOW!

DDUHD BDRRRRRRRRRRR

BUST MY BONES! LISSEN TO THEM CANNON BALLS!... THEY FIRIN' AT US?

WHO YOU THINK THEY'RE FIRIN' AT, YOU NANNY GOAT? COME AWN! LET'S GET TO OUR GUN POST!

ZZOOOOOO...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! WE'LL TEACH 'EM TO TROMP ON THE U.S. FLAG! TAKE YOUR IMPLEMENTS!

LOAD BY DETAIL, LOAD! ON THE DOUBLE QUICK, BOYS!

RAM 'ER DOWN AN TAKE 'ER IN BATTERY, BOYS! NOW FIRE!

BLAB M

WHAT'D YOU SAY?

SMOKE? YA SAY YA SMELL SMOKE! NOW AIN'T THAT QUEER, BOYS?

I SAID I SMELL SMOKE!

SNF!

KUNK!

I DON'T SEE NO SMOKE HERE-ABOUTS... YOW!

HOT SHOT.!

THE CONFEDERATES ARE FIRING HOT SHOT.!

TAR-NATION, WE'RE ON FIRE!

I TOLD YOU I SMELT SMOKE!

LET'S GET A BUCKET BRIGADE ORGANIZED!

THE OFFICERS' BARRACKS ARE ON FIRE!

AWW, LISTEN TO THAT!

NOW AIN'T THAT A SHAME.!

LAWS A MIGHTY! LOOK AT HERE! IT'S RAINING!

IT'S A RAIN-STORM! WE'RE SAVED!

(COUGH! COUGH!) WET WOOD'S STILL BURNIN'! (COUGH!) IF WE DON'T GIT SHOT TO DEATH, WE'LL CHOKE (COUGH!) TO DEATH!

(COUGH!) LAY DOWN ON THE FLOOR WITH A WET HANKY ON YER FACE! NOT TOO MUCH SMOKE HERE!

HEY! GET UP, YA RING TAILED POLECAT! WE'RE BEING RELIEVED HERE! GET UP, I SAY!

...I'LL BE DURNED! THE BIG APE'S ASLEEP SOUND EZ A BABY!

ZZZ

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861!

WAKE UP!

WAKE UP, YA DAD-BLASTED GOONEY BIRD! TIME TO TAKE OUR TOUR! IT'S MORNIN'!! YOU SLEEP MUCH LONGER, THEY GONNA THINK YOU'RE DEAD AN' BURY YOU!

YOU SLEEP LIKE A DURN LOG O' DEADWOOD!... MORTAL SHELLS COME IN ALL NIGHT LONG AN' DIDN'T INTERRUPT YER SNORIN' ONCET!

LET'S GIT TO OUR GUN AN' GIVE THE REBELS THUNDER!

I'M HUNGRY!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! LET'S SHOW 'EM ACROSS THERE IN FORT MOULTRIE WHO'S THE BETTER SHOT!

IN BATTERY!

POINT!

FIRE!

BOOM!

THAT'S IT, BOYS! FROM BATTERY!

SPONGE!

RAM!

IN BATTERY!

HEY, YOU BOILED OWL!

SECURE THE PIECE, BOYS! LET'S TAKE TIME OUT FER SALT MONKEY AND COFFEE!

PSST! LISTEN! I GOT A IDEA!

PSST! LISTEN, YOU RING-NOSED GALOOT! WE BEEN FIRIN' AT MOULTRIE ALL DAY! MEANWHILE A BIG CROWD OF DING BLASTED CONFEDERATES ARE SITTIN' ON THE BEACH TO THE LEFT OF MOULTRIE WATCHIN' THE FUN... LIKE IT WAS A PICNIC! C'MERE! HELP ME!

THE BOYS ARE GONE AN NOBODY'LL MISS ONE ITTY-BITTY CANNON BALL! NOW HEAVE THE CANNON 'ROUND TO THE LEFT! THAT'S IT! LITTLE BITTY MORE LEFT! NOW, HAND ME THE LANYARD AND STEP OUT THE WAY! WE GONNA HAVE FUN!

POM!

EEEEEEEEEE

SPOOSH!

CONSARN THE DAD-BLANGED LUCK! TOO DURNED LOW! GIMME 'NUTHER CANNON BALL!

DING DONGED SMOKE'S GITTIN' SO THICK, YOU KIN HARDLY SEE A THING OUT THERE!

LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE PLACE IS BURNIN' D...

I'LL BE A CROSS-EYED HYENA! A DURNED CONFEDERATE IN THE EMBRASURE! LET'S BLOW 'IS HEAD OFF!

HE'P ME IN, SUH! HE'P ME IN! I'M LIABLE TO GET HURT OUT HEAH! HE'P ME IN AN' TAKE ME TO YOAH COMMANDUH, SUH!

DURNED CONFEDERATE! I GUESS HE'S SOLD MAJOR ANDERSON ON SURRENDERING! THE WHITE FLAG IS GOING UP! WE SHOULD'VE **BLOWED 'IS HEAD OFF!**

WE AIN'T GOT NO MORE FOOD AND WE AIN'T GETTIN' NO HELP! NOTHIN' **TO** DO **BUT** SURRENDER!

SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1861!

WAKE UP!

WAKE UP, YOU CONSARNED OWL HOOT! WE GOIN' HOME TODAY!

THE CONFEDERATES ARE GONNA LET US MARCH HOME! THEY GONNA LET US FIRE A 100 GUN SALUTE! HAW! SOME WAR!

THE CONFEDERATE FELLER CLIMBED THROUGH THE WINDOW YESTIDDY... HE SAYS 'LET'S END THE BLOODSHED'! HAW, NOT A *SINGLE MAN* KILLT SO LET'S END THE BLOOD...

SILENCE IN RANKS!

STAND BY TO FIRE...

BL-LAM!

BWAM!

BLAM!

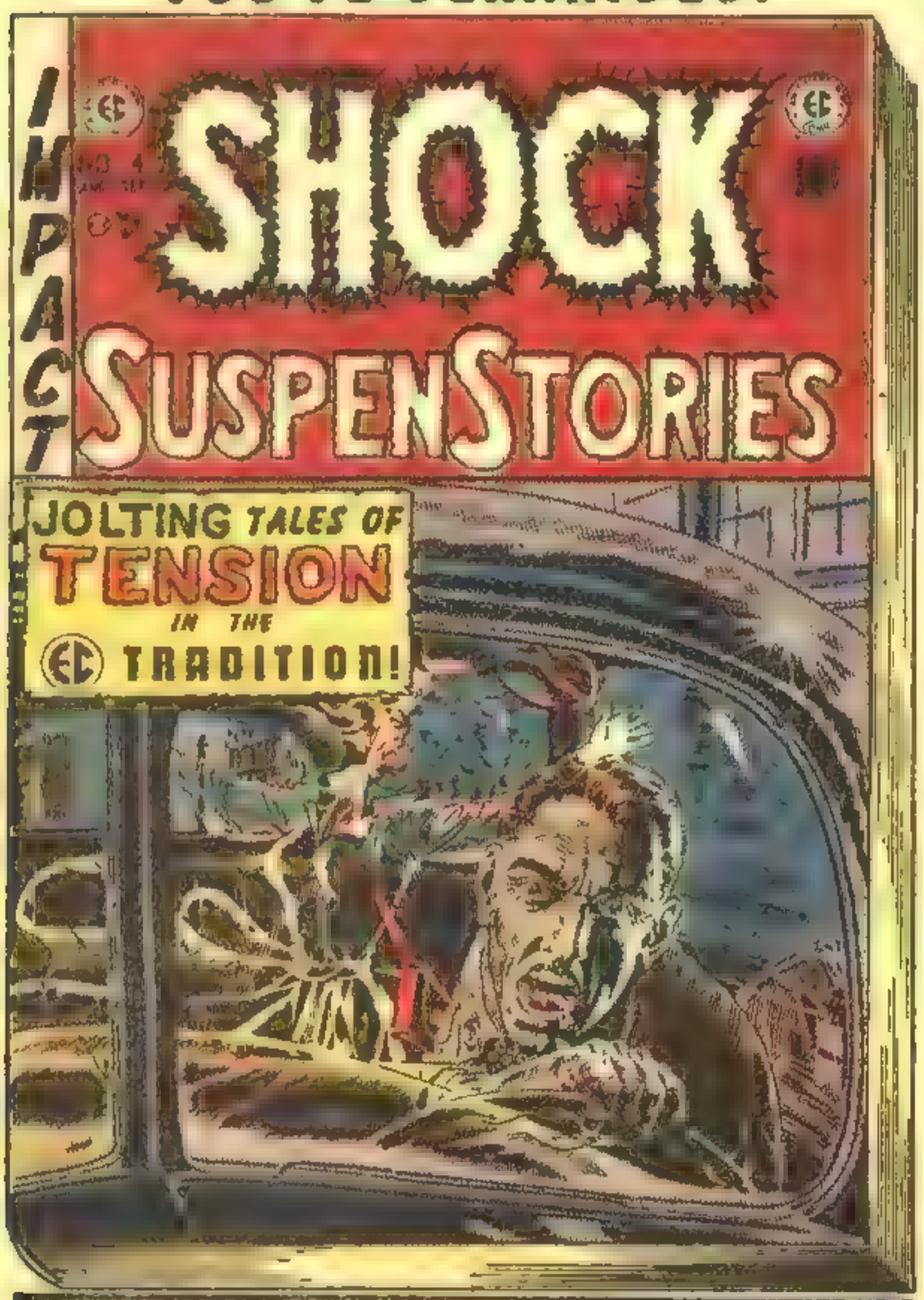
FFFFFFOW!

KBLAM!

WHAT HAPPENED?
DID A GUN EXPLODE?
WHERE?
DOWN THE LINE!
THE WIND FANNED BACK A SPARK!
SOME POWDER BAGS EX-PLODED!
ANYBODY GET HURT?
(SNF!)... FER TWO DAYS, NOT A MAN GETS TOUCHED AN' NOW THAT (SNF!) CROSS-EYED MULE GETS KILLT FROM OUR OWN (SNF!) GUN.'
THAT MAN'S ALMOST CUT IN TWO!
HALF A DOZEN MEN HURT!
APRIL 14, 1861! A POOL OF BLOOD COLLECTED BE-NEATH A DEAD MAN'S BODY!
A RED POOL OF BLOOD COL-LECTED AND GREW LIKE A DREADFUL OMEN!
LOOK WELL, YOU GENTLEMEN OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH AT THIS... THE FIRST BLOOD!
THE BATTLE FOR FORT SUMTER IS OVER! THE CIVIL WAR IS ON!
SII
7

E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!
YOU'VE TELEGRAPHED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!
SO HERE IT IS! THE MAGAZINE
YOU'VE DEMANDED!



AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC
ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
SURE-FIRE WINNER!
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC
ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

Fellow-citizens of the United States, apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that, by the accession of Republican administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for any apprehension.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the union of the States is perpetual. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination.

No State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary, or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I, therefore consider that, in the view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the

Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall direct the contrary.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and may go out of the presence and out of the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amiable or hostile, must continue between them. It is impossible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation then before. Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws?

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.

A. Lincoln
Extracts
First Inaugural Address

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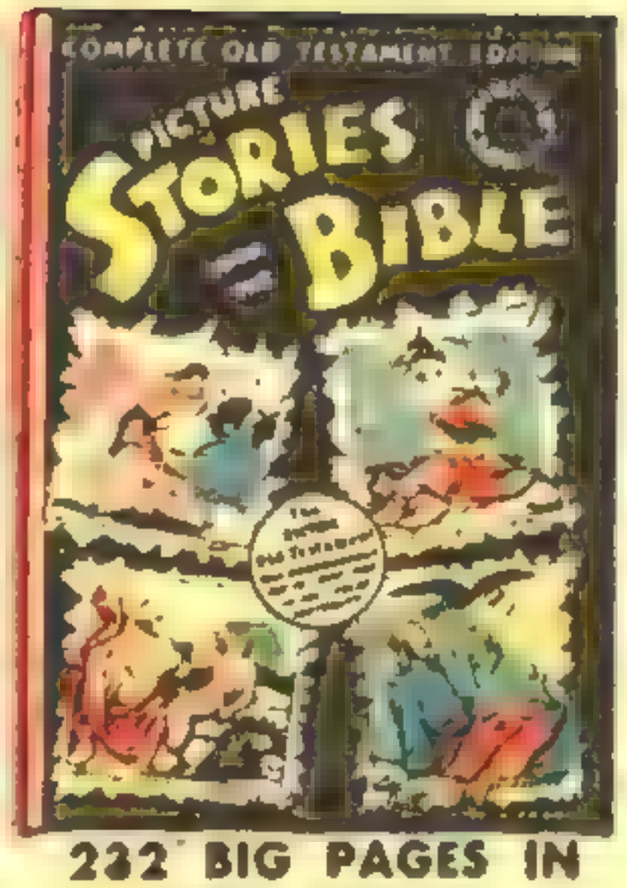

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FRONT LINES

Dear Editors,
...I am strictly against all history stories except those about the Civil War. I would like to learn more about the Civil War and its causes.

Howie Lemmert
(No address given)

Well, here it is! You readers have been writing us for many months requesting a special issue on the Civil War . . and we finally went ahead and did it! As a matter of fact, this is merely the first special issue in a series of seven that we intend to run on the Civil War. Here are our plans. Every few months, E.C. will publish another section of the Civil War...the second special issue will be Two-Fisted Tales No. 31, on sale in October. The complete set will cover the Civil War from beginning to end. Now for you readers who want to make sure not to miss the next issue, we'll make arrangements to reserve a copy of Two-Fisted Tales No. 31 if you'll mail us 10c plus 3c for postage. Upon publication, the magazine will be mailed out to you in a strong manila envelope to assure its safe arrival! —ed

Dear Editors,
In the June-Aug. issue of FRONTLINE COMBAT, a documentary of the action on Iwo Jima, the Japanese had red stars on their caps...I think the printer made a mistake.

Russel Bastedo
Lakeville, Conn.

Although we cannot say for certain that they were RED stars, the Japanese did wear stars on the front of their caps! —ed.

Dear Editors,
In FRONTLINE COMBAT No. 7, about Iwo Jima, you said that the landscape was made up of boulders, rocks, ridges, black volcanic-ash, leafless bushes, and ground creepers. But the Marines in "The Landing" had forest and jungle camouflage helmets

An E.C. War Fan
(No address given)

Helmet covers, standard equipment in the Marine Corps, were and still are patterned for jungle camouflage. However, the helmet cover's main purpose is to hide the smooth easily visible dome of the helmet. —ed.

Dear Editors,
I think you should let someone besides Harvey Kurtzman draw your covers.

Clark Akatiff
San Jose, Calif.

Good news for reader Akatiff! Starting with Two-Fisted Tales No. 30, we're going to feature covers by Jack Davis, and Severin and Elder, as well as by H. Kurtzman! —ed.

Dear Editors,
Would you please include in one of your future issues a story about ... Wake Island?

Richard Mellgren
Ridgewood, N.Y.

...I would like to read about some of the Negro G.I.'s...

Ernest Wilkie
Philadelphia, Pa.

Also in Two-Fisted Tales No. 30, we've got an interesting angle on Wake Island, and a feature story about Negro troops in Korea...a story we call BUNKER! —ed

And now a top drawer announcement! At this writing, E.C. is preparing for publication in late July, a new magazine...the tenth title to be added to the E.C. line! Although in many respects the magazine will be typical of E.C....four solid, well-plotted yarns ..twist endings ...horror, crime, science-fiction, etc....SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED! The yarns are going to be riotously funny! THE BLASTED MAG IS ACTUALLY GONNA BE A "COMIC" COMIC! The writer-editor for this new E.C. rib-tickling baby is your own HARVEY KURTZMAN...who, long before achieving prominence in the comic field for his editing and writing of E.C.'s war mags, was a first-rate humor cartoonist! I've followed the step by step production of the new magazine closely, and I guarantee that you'll be MAD about it! Which, incidentally, is the title! "MAD!" And MAD it is! The art in the first issue is masterpieced by your regular war mag contributors...Jack Davis, Johnny Severin, Bill Elder, and Wally Wood! So be sure and pick up the first issue of "MAD"...just for laughs! —William M. Gaines, Mad Managing Editor.

Subscriptions to any E.C. mag will lower your financial worth by 75c for six issues...a full year's output! Send the moola along with your clearly printed name and address! And keep those beefs, criticisms, compliments, and/or story suggestions coming...anything's welcome! The address for mail, subscriptions, or T.T. No. 31 orders is:

The Editors
Frontline Combat
Room 706, Dept. 9
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

THE DRUMS ARE BEATING THE LONG ROLL ACROSS THE COUNTRY! SOUTH CAROLINA HAS SECEDED FROM THE UNION... ALABAMA! FLORIDA! GEORGIA! LOUSIANA! MISSISSIPPI! SOUTH CAROLINA! TEXAS! ARKANSAS! TENNESSE! VIRGINIA! ALL GONE SOUTH! MISSOURI, KENTUCKY AND MARYLAND...UNDECIDED! THE DRUMS ARE BEATING! THE TIME HAS COME TO...

CHOOSE SIDES!

wood.

IN ST. LOUIS CITY, A CITY DIVIDED, THE TRAMPING OF SOLDIERS BEATS ON THE PAVEMENT! ***CHOOSE SIDES!***

IN ST. LOUIS CITY, THE ST. LOUIS MILITIA TRAINS IN CAMP JACKSON, TRAINS FOR REBELLION! ***CHOOSE SIDES!***

IN ST. LOUIS CITY, THE ST. LOUIS PEOPLE WATCH IN CONFUSION, WONDERING WHICH WAY TO TURN THEIR ALLEGIANCE! ***CHOOSE SIDES!***

TRRRRRRRRR

HIHIHIHIH! LOOKY THERE, MATILDA! AIN'T THEM MARCHING BOYS A FINE SIGHT?

HIHIHIHIH! **WE** KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP TO, ***DON'T*** WE, GIRL!

EVERYBODY KNOWS! HIHIH! THEY'RE GONNA SEE MISSOURI GOES SOUTH! ***RIGHT, MATILDA?***

BUT WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO LOAF! GOTTA GET THIS LOAD INTO TOWN! ***GIDDAP!***

HAW, GIRL! ***GIDDAP!*** UH-OH! WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD? HIH! SOLDIERS! SEEMS LIKE ALL YOU SEE IS SOLDIERS NOW-DAYS! HIHIH!

THEM IS SOLDIERS FROM THE ARMORY! HIHIH! AN' ***EVERYONE*** KNOWS, ***THEY'RE*** GONNA SEE THET MISSOURI GOES ***NORTH!***

HEY!

WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITE-MENT, SIR?

HEY, GRANDFODDER! PLEASE TAKE YOUR VAGON OUT OFF DE VAY FROM DER TROOPS!

HIHIH! ALL RIGHT, DUTCHMAN! WHAT'S THAT COMING UP THE STREET? WHAT'S GOING ON TODAY?

UNION SOLDIERS MARCH ON CAMP JACKSON! UNION OFFICERS RACE BACK AND FORTH! UNION GENERAL SIGEL FALLS WITH HIS HORSE! ***THE SEED OF VIOLENCE IS PLANTED!***

THESE BOYS ARE HEADING FOR CAMP JACKSON.'

HIHIHIHIH! LOOKS LIKE THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME EXCITEMENT TODAY, MATILDA!

YOU WAIT HERE, GIRL! I'LL BE BACK!

WHOOPEE! I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR NOTHING!

WHOOPEE!

WHAT'S GOING ON, BOYS... ANY-BODY KNOW?

COME ON, GRAN'PA! THERE'S GOING TO BE A FIGHT! THESE UNION RASCALS ARE GOING TO TRY TO TAKE OVER OUR CONFEDERATE BOYS IN CAMP JACKSON!

OUR CONFEDERATES HAVE UNION AMMUNITION, AND THE UNION'S GOING TO TRY AND GET IT BACK!... HAVE A DRINK, GRAN'PA!

HIHIHIH! WHOOPEE!

IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE UNION BOYS HAVE THE SESESH BOXED IN WITH CANNON AND EVERYTHING!

THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO OUR BOYS, GRAN'PA!

THE UNION SURROUNDS CAMP JACKSON! THE REBELS SURRENDER TO UNION GEN. LYON! GEN. LYON IS KICKED UNCONSCIOUS BY HIS HORSE! *VIOLENCE TAKES ROOT AND GROWS!*

KLUF!

HIHIH! WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW?

HAVE 'NUTHER DRINK, GRAMPA!,

YOU KNOW WHAT THOSE UNION TROOPS ARE, DON'T YOU, GRAMPA? THEY'RE ALL GERMANS, DUTCHMEN!... FOREIGNERS!

THEY'RE ALL RECRUITED F'UM UP IN THAT DUTCH SECTION O'TOWN! THA'S WHAT!

AN'... AN' THEY'RE TAKIN' OUR POOR SOUTHERN BOYS PRISONERS! THA'S WHAT!

SNF! OH, MY! WHAT A SHAME IT IS!

THE DUTCH-MEN ARE TAKING OVER THE CITY!

NO THEY'RE NOT!

SHUT UP YOU!

SNF! WHAT A SHAME!

HAVE 'NUTHER DRINK, GRAMPA!

THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

STOP PUSHING!

SHAME! @☆*?!#%N DUTCHMEN!

THE BLOODY DUTCHMEN ARE TAKING THE BOYS AWAY TO KILL 'EM!

THEY'RE GOING TO KILL 'EM!

WE'LL STOP 'EM!

'NUTHER DRINK, GRAMPA!

@☆*?!#% ABOLITIONISTS!

THEY'VE GOT MY LOVER!

GIMME A ROCK!

VIOLENCE, NURTURED BY HATE, GROWS AND BLOOMS! A SPECTATOR IN THE CROWD SPITS AT A SOLDIER! A SPECTATOR, W. TECUMSAH SHERMAN, LOOKS ON!

PHLUP!!

LET'S KILL THE DUTCHM'N, GRAMPA! LOOK! I GOT A PISTOL TO KILL 'EM WITH! I'M NOT AFRAID OF 'EM! YOU 'FRAID OF 'EM, GRAMPA?

I-I AIN'T AFRAID OF THEM, DUTCHM'N!

--I'LL SHOW 'EM TO PUSH ME OFF THE ROAD! I'LL SHOW 'EM TO KILL OUR BOYS! WHO THE FOREIGNERS THINK THEY ARE?

HEY, YOU DUTCHM'N!

HEY, YOU! PUT DOWN THAT MUSKET AN' LET THEM BOYS GO OR I'LL GIV' YA PUNCH INNA NOSE... I SAY!

C'MON 'ER I'LL PUNCH YANANOSE!

GET BACK! LET GO OF ME AND GET BACK, YOU DRUNKEN OLD FOOL!

BONK

PUSH ME 'ROUND, WILL HE? I'LL SHOW 'AT DUTCHM'N!

WHERE'S 'AT PISTOL! GIMME 'AT PISTOL!

THERE Y'AR, GRAMPA! GO GIVE IT TO 'IM! WE'RE BEHIND YA!

I'LL SHOW 'EM! WHICH WAY ARE THEY?

GO AHEAD, PAP!

SHOOT 'IM, PAW!

SHOOT! SHOOT!

VOICES SHRIEK INSULTS! STONES ARE THROWN! A PISTOL EXPLODES! AND A SOLDIER FALLS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS! VIOLENCE! VIOLENCE! VIOLENCE!

BA DOOM!

WHO SHOT THAT PISTOL?
I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!
THAT SOLDIER IS SHOT!
KILL THE DUTCH-MEN!
I'LL PUNCH YANA-NOSE!
RUN FOR YOUR L...
OH...
KROOM!
KR-ROOM!
POW!
POW!
MURDER-ERS!
THEY'RE FIRING AT US!
LOOK OUT!
.. PUNCH THAT DUTCH-MAN...
CRACKETY
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
GET OUT OF THE WAY!
RUN!
... RIGHT INNA-N..
POK!
CRAK!
YEEEE!
LET ME BY!
I CAN'T MOVE!
M-MATILDA!

CHOOSE SIDES! THE DRUMS ARE BEATING! THE WAR IS ON! IT'S LIKE A WHIRLPOOL! YOU'RE CAUGHT RIGHT IN IT! REBEL OR UNION, SLAVE OR FREE STATE ...

CHOOSE SIDES!
CHOOSE SIDES!
CHOOSE SIDES!

NOW THE HATS WERE IN THE RING! THE LINES WERE DRAWN! WHILE A CONFEDERATE ARMY GATHERED IN VIRGINIA, UNION SOLDIERS COLLECTED IN WASHINGTON! NO MISTAKING NOW! A BIG FIGHT WAS IN THE AIR! IN JULY, THE ARMIES WERE ON THE MOVE, AND BETWEEN THEM LAY A TINY RIVER CALLED...

BULL RUN!

J. SEVERIN

WASHINGTON, D.C.,... THICK WITH THE SWIRLING DUST OF THE BAGGAGE TRAINS MOVING DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE!

WASHINGTON, D.C.,... WITH ARTILLERY CAISSONS RATTLING THROUGH STREETS RADIATING OUTWARD FROM THE CAPITOL!

WASHINGTON, D.C.,... AND SOLDIERS MARCHING BY... PAST THE BACKGROUND OF THE UNFINISHED CAPITOL DOME!

SOLDIERS, MARCHING IN THE BIGGEST HELTER-SKELTER OF UNIFORMS YOU EVER SAW... LIKE THE **39TH NEW YORK, GARIBALDI GUARDS!**

FOR ARMIES WERE STILL GREEN AND DISORGANIZED, AND EACH OUTFIT HAD ITS OWN UNIFORM, LIKE THE **2ND OHIO VOLUNTEERS!**

EACH UNIT CAME TO WAR WITH HOME-MADE UNIFORMS THAT SUITED ITS PLEASURE, LIKE THE **11TH NEW YORK FIRE ZOUVES!**

AND SO, THE UNION ARMY MARCHED THROUGH WASHINGTON IN A HOLIDAY MOOD! SOLDIERS FROM DIFFERENT STATES... SOLDIERS WITH **THREE MONTH ENLISTMENTS!**

YES...THE GOVERNMENT THOUGHT THEY COULD FINISH OFF THE WAR IN **THREE MONTHS!** THE BANDS PLAYED, THE DRUMS ROLLED AND YOUNG LADIES BROUGHT GIFTS TO THE SOLDIERS...

...AND THE SOLDIERS MARCHED GAILY OFF TO FIGHT A BATTLE, TO WHIP THE REBELS, AND PUT AN END TO THE WHOLE SILLY BUSINESS! THE WAR WOULD BE OVER IN **SIXTY DAYS!**

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID AS THEY MARCHED OUT OF WASHINGTON, ACROSS THE POTOMAC! THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID AS THEY HEADED DOWN THE ROAD TO MANASSAS, TO **BULL RUN!**

BOM!

JIMMINY! A SHELL!

YEAH! A REAL LIVE ONE!

I GUESS WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THE FRONT!

BRROM!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'LL HOLD IT UP HERE! REST!

OOOH! MY BACK!

THIS HAVERSACK MUST WEIGH A TON, BY CRACKY!

WANT A CHAW OF TOBBACY, FELLAS?

PRRUMM!

LISTEN TO THEM CANNON!

YEAH! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE REALLY TEARIN' UP OUT THERE!

I'LL BET WE'RE WHIPPIN' THE TAR OUTTA THE REBELS!

BRUM BRUM!

ER ELSE THEY'RE WHIPPIN' THE TAR OUTTA US!

DON'T WORRY, BOY! WE'LL WHIP THE REBS' ALL RIGHT!

LISTEN, MATES! LET'S DECIDE... WHATEVER HAPPENS... WE STICK TOGETHER!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! I'LL SHAKE ON THAT!

THAT'LL BE US! THE THREE MUSKETEERS! THAT'S US!

... ALL FOR ONE! ONE FOR ALL, MATES!

BLAM!

WELL, MATES! HERE WE BE!

WE'RE ATTACKING!

WE'RE OUTFLANKING THE REBS! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!

REMEMBER, BOYS! WE STICK TOGETHER!

THERE THEY ARE! THE REBELS! I SEE 'EM!

DOUBLE QUICK HRRUP, BOYS!

LET'S GET THE JOHNNY REBS!

EEE-HA!

YAA HA!

@*#*# REBELS!

KILL 'EM!

YEEE HOOO!

THEY'RE RUNNING!

WE'VE WON THE FLAG!

WELL, BOYS! THERE GOES THE REBEL ARMY!

THAT WAS THE FASTEST DURN WAR...

THE BATTLE'S ALL OVER I GUESS!

K-POW!

BLA-DOW!

OH!

CATCH ME, MATES! I'M HIT!

HE'S BLEEDING! HE'S BLEEDING! CAN'T WE STOP THE BLEEDING?

NO USE TO STOP THE BLEEDING, BOY! HE'S DEAD!

WE SAID WE'D STICK TOGETHER...

@☆?m#@.. YOU SOLDIERS! LEAVE THAT MAN AND TEND TO YOUR MUSKETS!

LET'S GO, BOY!

THE REBELS MUST'VE BEEN REINFORCED!

THEM RIFLE BALLS ARE COMING LIKE RAIN! WE CAN'T HOLD!

PULL BACK!

THEY'RE PULLIN' BACK ALL ALONG THE LINE!

PULL BACK!

PULL BACK! PULL BACK!

WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM LYING OUT THERE LIKE THAT!

HE'LL BE TAKEN CARE OF, BOY! LET'S PULL BACK!

BLAM!

WHAT'S THAT?

WHOMP!

THE REBS HAVE SNEAKED A CANNON UP ON THE HILL!

THEY'RE FIRIN' ON OUR COLUMN!

RUN FOR IT!

WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?

OWCH!

WHAM!

THE REB'S HAVE GOT ME, BOY!

THE WHOLE ARMY IS STAMPEDED! LET ME HELP YOU UP!

NO! NO, BOY! DON'T MOVE ME! I HURT INSIDE!

WE'VE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER LIKE WE SAID!

N-NO! NO! GO ON BACK TO WASHINGTON, BOY! GIVE THEM PRETTY GALS MY REGARDS! GIVE 'EM... UH...

PULL BACK!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

BACK TO CENTER-VILLE!

BACK TO WASHING-TON!

WASHINGTON, D.C.! THE RAIN WAS FALLING IN TORRENTS AND THE RAGGED REMAINS OF A ONCE PROUD ARMY SLOSHED BACK ALONG THE QUAGMIRE OF PENNSYLVANIA AVE...

SOLDIERS!... THEIR FACES STREAKED WITH THE POWDER AND GRIME OF A LOST BATTLE, THEIR BACKS BENT WITH THE SHAME AND THE WRETCHEDNESS OF DEFEAT!

THEY STUMBLED AND WALKED 33 MILES INTO WASHINGTON, THESE GREEN, DEFEATED SOLDIERS, AND THEN THEY SLEPT!

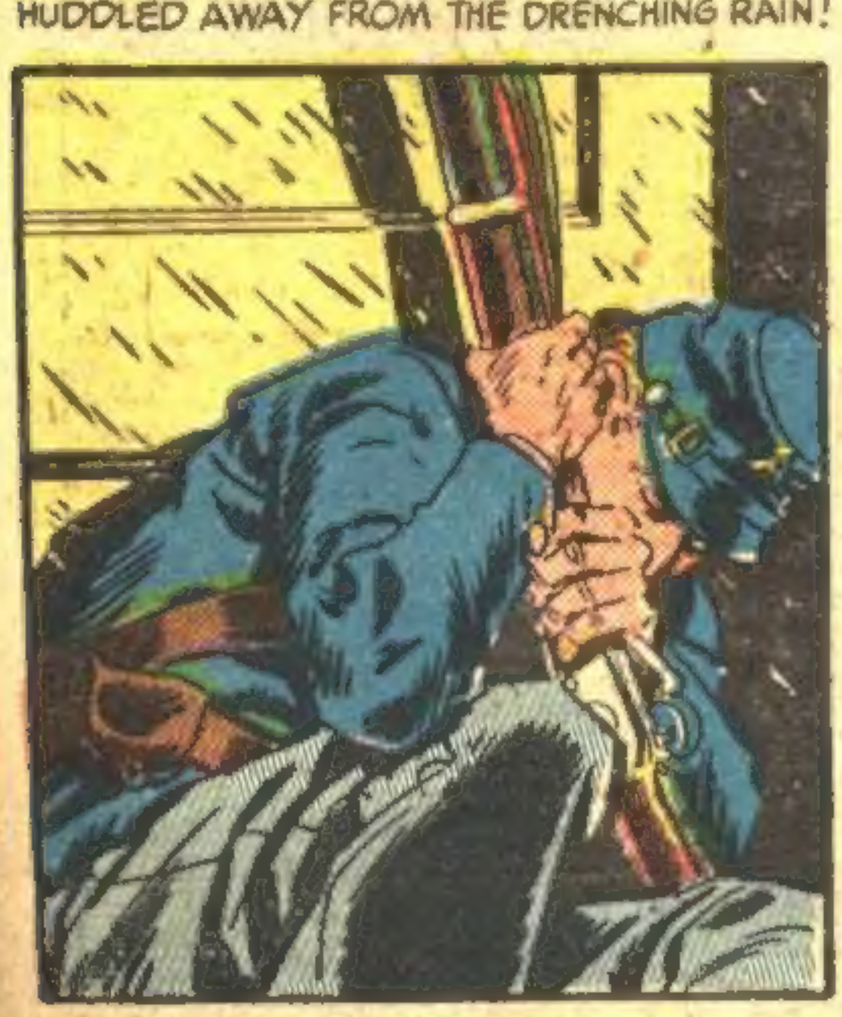
IN THE ALLEYWAYS THEY DROPPED WHATEVER EQUIPMENT THEY HAD LEFT, AND THEY SLEPT! IN THE DOORWAYS...

...WHEREVER THERE WAS A SHELTERED CORNER, THEY SLEPT... THROUGH THE WARM JULY RAIN! ON THE HOUSE PORCHES!

AND ON A PARTICULAR PORCH, ONE YOUNG MAN SLEPT, CURLED UP AND HUDDLED AWAY FROM THE DRENCHING RAIN!

THE ***BATTLE OF BULL RUN*** WAS OVER, AND EVEN IN SLEEP, THE YOUNG MAN HUGGED HIS MUSKET TIGHTLY TO HIM!

AND ONE COULD PLAINLY SEE THE YOUNG MAN DIDN'T INTEND TO GIVE UP HIS MUSKET FOR A ***LONG, LONG TIME!***



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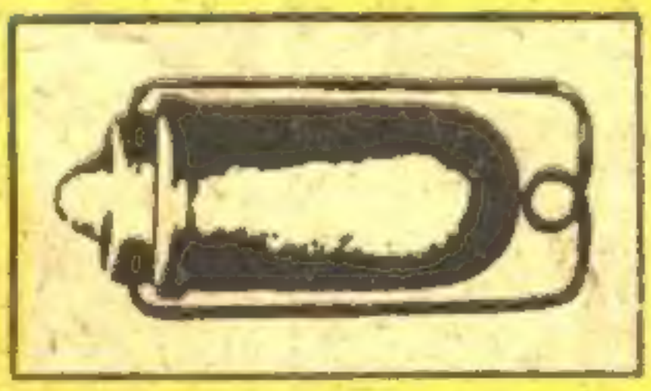

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